

Alcohol to Children

Ask your doctor how often he prescribes an alcoholic stimulant for children. He will probably say, "Very, very rarely. Children do not need stimulating." Ask him how often he prescribes a tonic for them. He will probably answer, "Very, very frequently." Then ask him about Ayer's non-alcoholic Sarsaparilla as a tonic for the young. Follow his advice. He knows. *J.C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.*

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Furniture is one of the Essentials of a home, its quality and quantity determines the comforts of its owner. We would like to see every home in the county luxuriously furnished, and, we would like to supply just as much of such furnishings as possible. This is why we advertise. We want you to know that we handle furniture and that we are anxious to sell you some. We carry a large stock including the plain, which is good and substantial and sold at small figures, and the more pretentious and luxuriant, which, though higher in price, is worth every cent that we ask for it. It is both useful and ornamental.

When in need of Furniture don't forget us.

You are cordially invited to give us a call and we assure of every possible courtesy whether you buy or not. Very respectfully,

W. B. Summersett, 108 W. Inness St. - - Salisbury, N. C.

How Cowpeas Pay.

The following illustrations of the practical or actual beneficial results from the growth of legumes are taken almost at random from hundreds which might be cited if space permitted:

The North Carolina State Department of Agriculture found that a crop of bur clover increased the yield of seed cotton 400 pounds per acre and gave a net profit of \$16.

The Mississippi Delta Branch experiment Station found that a crop of cowpeas in corn as a result of two years' tests increased the yield of lint cotton 110 pounds per acre, which with cotton at 10 cents pound, gives a value of \$11 per acre from a crop of cowpeas grown in corn.

At the Alabama Experiment Station in four tests the average increase in yield of seed cotton per acre in the year immediately following the plowing in of cowpea and velvet bean vines was 567 pounds.

At this station of test with corn gave an increase in the first crop where velvet bean vines were plowed in of 81 per cent or 12.3 bushels. When the vines of the cowpea and velvet bean were utilized as hay and only the roots and stubble left as fertilizer, the increases in the first succeeding crops were as follows:

- 208 pounds of seed cotton.
- 4.2 bushels of corn.
- 28 bushels of oats.
- 6.7 bushels of wheat.
- 2.08 tons of sorghum hay.

At another experiment station the yield of corn immediately following a crop of crimson clover was increased from 35.7 bushels per acre to 55.1 bushels, or over 54 per cent.

With these facts, and hundreds of others equally convincing before us, why do we buy commercial nitrogen, and why do we not grow more legumes? By the use of summer legumes for making hay to feed to live stock, and the use of the winter legumes for cover crops to plow under—by these and these alone—that "\$500 More a Year" is easily within the reach of the average Southern farmer. Let's make it!—Raleigh, (N. C.) Progressive Farmer.

Women Who Are Envyed.

Those attractive women who are lovely in face, form and temper are the envy of many, who might be like them. A weak, sickly woman will be nervous and irritable. Constipation, or Kidney poisons show in pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and a wretched complexion. For all such, Electric Bitters work wonders. They regulate Stomach, Liver and Kidneys, purify the blood; give strong nerves, bright eyes, pure breath, smooth, velvety skin, lovely complexion. Many charming women owe their health and beauty to them. 50c at all druggists.

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Cheap piano to be sold at a cheap price, but,

There Should be a way

To prevent cheap pianos from being sold at high grades and at prices that will buy a strictly high-grade piano.

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C. H. WILMOTH, MANAGER

Mention this paper.

MR. CARYTON'S LIVELY FOURTH

CARYTON had retired late the night before, for he had gone to town on an evening train after a lot of things for the boys—things that were mostly covered with red paper and decorated with Chinese designs in gilt and that had fuses attached.

It was odd, but he had not once thought of the Fourth being so near until Newbold, the third nephew, had declared his intention of remaining out all night "to wake up things."

He had suddenly realized that his brother, with whom he was spending a few weeks, was only a teller in a country bank; that his nephews had perhaps a few nickels each to expend on the explosives necessary to accomplish the waking up.

When he returned two men were required to help him in bringing the packages from the train. The six nephews were in the back yard then, at work upon a diabolical horn which was to blow wakefulness over the entire neighborhood.

Caryton hurried the explosives through the front hall and hid them behind the library window draperies. It was then 11 o'clock, and he tiptoed up to his room for such sleep as he could get before the early morning noises should commence.

Ten minutes later he was dozing off, when the first experimental blastings of the horn commenced. By the time he had found a way to pack the bedclothes about his ears there arose various accompanying and disquieting hisses, snappings and roars.

Then directly under his window came an explosion that shook the house and brought him to a sitting posture. They had found his contribution! And it was only midnight!

Caryton sank back and listened with varying emotions—regret at his generosity, submission to a just retribution and finally a pleasurable sensation of retrograding to his own boyhood. By 1 o'clock he was the ring-leader of all their more daring demonstrations.

But when he went in, long after daylight, blackened and burned and bruised, and tried to make himself presentable for breakfast he felt that he had had enough of the Fourth.

After breakfast Caryton made a division of the remaining fireworks and then slipped from the house with his trout rod while the nephews were gloating over their treasures.

He knew of a trout stream that wandered aimlessly back among the trees, with apparently no object or destination save to clothe its banks with moss. He would follow its eccentric windings until perhaps he could get cool enough to induce some of the moss to grow upon him.

But as he passed the last house in the village and noted a figure in light dress upon the piazza half hidden by a climbing rose he was tempted to turn in and spend the day there. He had met Miss Leslie only a few times, but she was a friendly little body and the most charming of all the girls he knew.

His feet even turned at the gate, but as they did so he heard a wild yell from the back yard, and he suddenly averted away, merely lifting his hat to the figure. Miss Leslie had seven brothers.

A half hour in the woods, and he was beyond the songs of robins and orioles and sparrows and only heard the occasional voices of hermit thrush and tanager and woodpecker.

Presently he put his rod together and cast a fly into the stream. After a half hour of desultory fishing he found an enticing rock and seated himself upon it, leaning his back against a tree trunk.

How long he slept—or if he slept at all—he did not know, but the first thing he was acutely conscious of was an effort to disentangle his hook from something behind and of a vicious humming in the air.

Turning hastily, he saw that in throwing his fly back for a new cast he had caught the hook in an immense hornets' nest and that in his effort to disentangle it he was bringing the hornets toward him in an angry cloud.

Even as he looked one dropped upon his ear and another upon his forehead and a third upon the back of his neck. The unexpected pain brought him to his feet with a yell.

In the presence of others the cry would have been suppressed, but back here in the woods, with no one in hearing, it was simply a straight yell of surprised exasperation and pain. A moment later he was tearing through the woods with the speed of his college racing days and with what he believed to be 10,000 hornets singing a death song about his head.

He had not gone more than a dozen yards when he broke into an open glade and almost into Miss Leslie's arms. The sight of her brought him to himself, and he whirled swiftly with the intention of dashing in another direction, for he realized the consequences to the girl. But her quiet, authoritative voice stayed him.

"Throw yourself down upon your face, Mr. Caryton," she admonished.

"Quick! It's the only way. Don't let me see you here often and know how to avoid the hornets."

He hesitated but an instant, then obeyed, burying his face deep in the moss. A little while and the vicious humming lessened and soon died away altogether.

When he rose cautiously and looked around Miss Leslie was standing among the foliage twenty yards away, where she had retreated so slowly as not to attract the hornets' attention. She now came forward.

"I hope you're not badly hurt, Mr. Caryton."

He looked at her ruefully, remembering the yell.

"No, I think not," he answered; "only in spirit. You heard my battle cry?"

There was lurking mischief in her eyes, but her voice was calm.

"Why, yes, I heard it, of course," she said demurely. "But you were perfectly excusable. Hornets are awful creatures."

"H'm! Yes, I suppose so," doubtfully.

Then he caught sight of a lunch basket and of a pile of familiar objects beside it, things covered with red paper and decorated with Chinese designs in gilt and that had fuses attached. His eyes sought hers inquiringly.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Leslie," he said, "but how is it you happen to be here, and with fireworks?"

It was her turn to look embarrassed. "Why, I—I am trying to accustom myself to them," she explained. "We always have a lot at home, and the boys laugh at me for screaming whenever one goes off near me. They are going to have a big time tonight, and I—I brought these off here to—practice with them so I needn't scream. The boys will be surprised."

"I see. And have you fired off any yet?"

"No," she confessed frankly. "I haven't dared to. I've just looked at them."

"Well," boldly, "why can't I stay with you and help fire them off? I could hold the match, you know, and you could tell me how."

She looked at him doubtfully, but with evident relief.

"You won't be afraid?" she asked.

"I'll try not to be, with you to stand by and tell me how."

"Well, then, I guess you may, if you don't mind. I—I don't really believe I would dare do it by myself."

It was a long red letter day, a glorious one in spite of its being the Fourth of July, in spite of the powder burns of the night before and the vicious punishment of the hornets, and when in the late afternoon they stopped at the Leslie gate there was a look of absolute content on Caryton's face. Miss Leslie's cheeks were flushed and her eyes downcast.

"May I speak to your father now?" Caryton asked in a low voice as she opened the gate.

"No, no; not just yet, Mr. Caryton, please," she whispered hurriedly. "The Fourth seems such a bold, wild, noisy time to tell a—a thing like this. Wait a few days until I get used to the idea. The boys are sure to chaff me when they find out, and—but you must never, never tell them about the fireworks. Promise."

"I promise," said Caryton solemnly. "Including the hornets."—Frank H. Sweet in Boston Globe.

Our Glorious Fourth.

"Seems to be you are beginning your preparations for the great and glorious Fourth a little early," observed the fat clubman to his thin brother when the latter took from his pocketbook what appeared to be half a dozen tiny flags.

"Fourth of July nothing! I'm going for a week's fishing."

"Where do the flags come in?"

"That's where the fish bite, I hope," smiled the thin man. "They are flies, as carefully made as any graybackle or Silverton you ever cast."

"Do you dope it out that the Aldron-dack trout have taken on a patriotic streak?" asked the fat man, taking one of the American flag novelties and examining it.

"Whose idea?"

"The first one," explained the owner of the flies, "was made for the British Fly Fishers' club and presented to Ambassador Choate at a dinner which the club gave him. It was just a conceit, a pretty compliment, and no one thought of really using the fly. Then one of the members tried it on the Tay and got rise after rise for the American flag when the fish had scorned everything else. If British trout will bite simply out of their regard for the new hands-across-the-sea spirit, what won't the Americans do for their own emblem? Anyway, I'm going to give them a try, and we'll hope they have sense enough to follow the flag—swallow it, I mean."—New York Tribune

How They Celebrated.

Said the bellry: "Clang! Clang!"
Said the crackers: "Rap! Rap!"
Said the brass cannon: "Whang!"
Said the torpedoes: "Snap!"
Said the skyrockets: "Whizz!"
Said the candles: "Sh! Pfft!"
Said the small pinwheels: "Fizz!"
Said the big ones: "Whirr! Whirr!"
Said grandma: "There! There!"
Said father: "Boys! Boys!"
Said mother: "Take care!"
Said cook: "Such a noise!"
Said puss: "Gracious me!"
Said Towser: "Bow-wow!"
Said Susie: "Wee-ee!"
Said Will: "Hurrah! Ow!"
—St. Nicholas.

A Real Fourth of July Champion of Freedom

Giuseppe Garibaldi, not an American born, but for a time an American citizen and as truly a devotee of political liberty as any of those who signed the Declaration of Independence, was born on July 4, 1807.

The story of his life as a fighting Italian patriot is one of the world's greatest romances. He was first exiled from Italy in 1834, then choosing South America for an asylum. He served the now forgotten republic of Rio Grande do Sul and later the republic of Uruguay. In 1849 he returned to Italy and entered the service of the Roman republic. Defeated, he was exiled again. This time he came to the United States. This was in 1850, the year that Hawthorne completed "The Scarlet Letter."

Garibaldi was then as hard pressed for money as Hawthorne ever was, but entirely without the supersensitiveness which was Hawthorne's curse through life. Confronted with "a plentiful lack of cash," the great Italian established a candle factory on Staten Island, in the harbor of New York, and apparently decided to live the rest of his life as a citizen of the United States, for he took out naturalization papers and manifested a good deal of interest in the politics of his adopted country.

However, he remained here only four years; then he dreamed anew his dream of the freedom and unity of his beloved Italy and returned to its shores, settling as a farmer on the island of Caprea. Five years later he was in the military field again in the war waged by Sardinia and France against Austria, and he was a figure in most of the fighting that preceded Italy's final unification. He died twenty-seven years ago on his Caprea farm.

Usefulness of Skyrockets.

The white stars in the cheap, one ball "candles" are merely balls of cotton soaked with benzine.

Scarcely less indispensable to the Fourth of July celebration is the skyrocket. But hundreds of years before a Fourth of July celebration was thought of the skyrocket was used as a warlike projectile. We are indebted to the Chinese for this also, though all the rockets that are now used in this country are made here.

The rocket was used for purposes of war in China as long ago as the early part of the eighth century. It was soon adopted by the Europeans, who, however, up to the first part of the present century used it mainly for signaling and as a means of setting fire to besieged cities. Many improvements have been introduced, and rockets have been made which will carry a five pound shot 6,000 yards.

The motive power of the rocket is the pressure against the air of gases generated by the burning of the composition which it contains. The gases escape through holes or vents in the base of the cylinder containing the composition and give thus a forward or upward motion of the rocket, as the case may be. The long stick or tail is added to keep the projectile steady in its course.

Rockets have long been used by the life saving service as signals, and all ships carry a dozen or more on every voyage, which they send up as signals of distress in case disaster overtakes them. But they are now likely to play a still more important part in the work of saving lives of shipwrecked mariners since a rocket has been invented which bids fair to take the place of the mortar and shot at present used to carry lines from the shore to distressed vessels.

The Red Men and the Rocket.

An Emporia (Kan.) man recalls an interesting incident of the Fourth of July celebration held in Emporia in 1859. The Kaw Indians, whose reservation reached almost as far south as Americus, heard of the celebration and started to Emporia in order to reach there in time for the big feast at night.

A few fireworks had been secured for the celebration, and when the Indians reached the corner where the First Presbyterian church now stands the people downtown fired a big rocket up north. The Indians saw it coming and gazed in open mouthed wonder till it broke high above their heads. Then the warriors and bucks gave a big yell and, turning, fled back toward the reservation, leaving the frightened squaws and paposes to follow as best they could. People at Americus said that when the Indians passed there they were still running.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Took Off the King's Head.

During the battle of Princeton retreating British troops took refuge in the chapel of the college. Washington personally directed the fire of his artillery, which was aimed at the college buildings. The first shot, it is said, entered the chapel and passed through the head of a portrait of George II. After the war Washington paid Charles Wilson Peale \$250 for a portrait of himself, which was placed in the identical frame through which the cannon ball had passed.

Fo'th o' July.

Hitch up de ox team. Don't stand by! Gwine ter de city fer de Fo'th July! Big gun beiter at de blazin' sky—Fo'th July in de mawnin'!

Hitch up de ox team. Time on de fly! Gwine ter de city fer de Fo'th July! Roman candle en a jug er rye—Fo'th July in de mawnin'!

Whip up de ox team. Rock long de road. Gee-haw, Jonah! En you got yo' load. Bes' ole country dat I ever knowed—Fo'th July in de mawnin'!

Looky at de big crowd comin' Inter sight! Looky at de sojers heppin' ter de right! Hurrah fer de old flag—red, blue en white! Fo'th July in de mawnin'!